Frank Black

While I sit and think of another song that we can sing You can fret and think of another wrong I did bring And I can't move the sun, babe, to make you shine I'm the only one who can say that this light is mine I think I'll close my eyes While you snap, "Where's my map" I think I'll go and did you know Can't crucify yourself Now that takes two Maybe you could use some help And if you do, just say you do Every pickle comes from cucumber You don't have to act appalled Where's my door and where is my number? I'm lost in these halls And I'm not saying I don't like your carrion But your preacher's pride Is just like Marion And when I felled a bird Then you'd laugh at your half That you let rot Now, doll, here's a thought Can't crucify yourself Now that takes two Maybe you could use some help And if you do, just say you do Can't crucify yourself Now that takes two Maybe you could use some help And if you do, just say you do